

Once Cast 128

Chapter 128 Hypocrite

Tyrone's voice broke the silence of the room. "Aella, we are husband and wife. You stayed out all night without a call. Do you even realize what that does to me?"

The words had barely landed when Aella pushed herself to her feet.

She marched right up to him and tilted her chin high, her eyes sharp and unflinching.

"Husband and wife, you say? Funny, you acted single when you lied to me and spent the day with the woman you love and her child.

"Every time you hurt me because of her, did you ever stop to think about my feelings?"

"I only came home late. I didn't go chasing another man. Do you really need to make it into such a scene?"

The air turned heavy. Their eyes clashed, locked tight, neither willing to look away.

Tyrone's jaw tightened, his dark eyes boring into hers.

The silence grew unbearable.

At last he spoke. "So you told the reporters about me and Orson. You warned Zera so she could bring Orson to the press conference. You wanted to drag everything into the open?"

Aella wasn't surprised that he knew. She lifted her chin higher, her voice steady and bold.

“Yes, I schemed against you. It failed. Next time I’ll be smarter, and I won’t fail again.”

Tyrone stared at her, disbelief twisting across his face.

“Aella, when did you become so calculating?”

Aella’s lips curved into a mocking smile.

“I learned it from you.”

The space between them felt like it vanished. Their breaths touched.

His chest tightened as he forced himself to stay in control.

He had never imagined she would look at him and speak with such cold defiance.

She had always been eager, soft, and obedient.

Now she was sharp as a thorn, suspicious like a trapped animal.

At times, she was lifeless, empty, as if the world had drained her spirit dry.

And now she played her own games behind his back.

Her eyes grew heavy, her lids drooping with exhaustion. “Are you finished?”

His restraint shattered. His voice thundered through the room. “No!”

Aella’s lips pouted. She collapsed against the couch. “Then keep going.”

The sound of his own voice startled him. He had never raised it at her before.

He knew she was hurting, but he couldn't allow this path to continue.

His hand snapped toward the pile of plush toys, his tone sharp as a knife. "Where did these come from?"

Aella leaned her head against her hand, her body loose and careless. "Mr. Locke won them from a claw machine."

Mr. Locke.

Tyrone's chest heaved. He dragged in a harsh breath.

She didn't even try to hide it.

His fists tightened until his knuckles turned white.

His voice forced calm. "I know when you were in Tuspuyria, you treated Sayer. But that man is not normal. Stay away from him unless it's absolutely necessary."

Aella's eyes slid shut. Her words cut smooth and cool. "He seems normal enough to me. At least he knows cheating is wrong. At least he knows women who wreck families are not good people."

Tyrone's face turned dark, his tone biting. "Zera isn't a mistress. She's part of my past—how many times do I have to say it?"

Aella did not argue. She let out a faint breath. "You're right. She isn't the mistress. I am."

The air suffocated Tyrone. Again with this conversation.

Tyrone's patience broke. He began pacing the room, each step echoing hard against the floor.

His voice cracked like a whip. "Aella, you are my wife. Every move you make carries this family's name. Every move you make carries mine!"

Aella gave a small nod, face unreadable.

He pressed on, his tone fierce. "Whether it's the press conference or Sayer, this is the last time!"

She stayed silent.

He ground her name out with force. "Aella, if you think I can't control you anymore, think again. You'd best behave now that you're back."

At that moment, her phone chimed.

She didn't move. Tyrone snatched it up and looked at the screen. His jaw locked tight.

It was a message from Sayer.

"Aella, the pillow you bought me is too high. I want to video call with you while I sleep."

Tyrone's face twisted. His voice dripped with fury.

"A doctor buying pillows for a patient—Aella, isn't that a bit much?"

Aella didn't lift her head. She stayed slouched on the couch, her body heavy.

His anger surged hotter. He dropped down beside her and seized her shoulders.

Her body slipped against him.

Before he could speak again, he realized she had fallen asleep in his arms.

His face darkened even more. His eyes fixed on her quiet sleeping face.

3:30 a.m. She had come home with toys another man had given her.

The moment he raised his voice, she collapsed into this careless mask.

If this continued, this home would fall apart.

Aella slept straight through until ten the next morning.

She woke groggy and heavy-eyed. Then she remembered the promise she had made to Sayer the night before. She rolled out of bed, washed, and changed.

When she stepped into the living room, the pile of plush toys was gone.

The door to the study opened. Tyrone walked out.